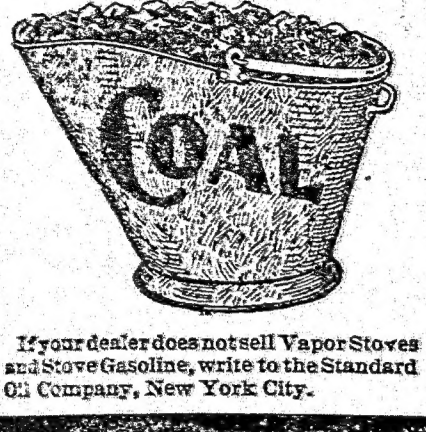




is the ideal cooking fuel when used in a modern

VAPOR STOVE

Simply perfect for hot weather cooking. You turn it on light it and begin to cook. Turn it off when the meal is ready. Fuel has cost you but a trifle, and the kitchen is not overheated. Stove Gasoline is used today for every cooking purpose by over 2,000,000 housekeepers, who find it cleaner, cheaper, more convenient and quicker than



UP TO DATE - WATCH WORK

At popular prices. No watch too difficult for us to repair.

H. H. BURNHAM,
The Watch Expert,
111 Main Street, 2nd Floor, Norway, Maine.

SECOND HAND STEAM PIPE.

I have several thousand feet of steam pipe and many fittings for sale. Pipe in sizes from 1/2 inch up to 4 inches in diameter. Also 1/2 inch and 1 inch valves. Will be sold at 10 to 25 percent below cost. Call on or address

GEORGE A. COLE, Norway, Me.

CABINETS, \$1.25 A DOZEN.

Not cheap work, but the best pictures on best stock which will not fade.

CRAYONS, WATER COLORS, (All styles at half price.)

CHASE, Brown st.



PORTLAND STEAMSHIP CO. BOSTON STEAMERS

Daily Service Sundays Included

BAY STATE AND PORTLAND

Steamers leave FRANKLIN WHARF, Portland, every evening at 7 o'clock, arriving in season for connecting with earliest trains for points beyond.

Returning steamers leave Boston every evening at 7 p.m.

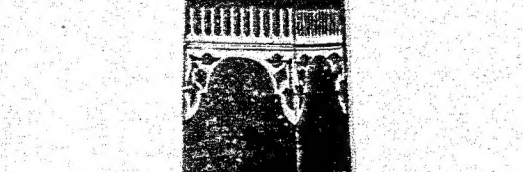
J. H. COYLE, Manager.

J. F. LECHE, Genl. Agt.

E. E. Whitney & Co.,

BETHLEHEM, MAINE.

GRANITE AND MARBLE WORKERS



First-Class Workmanship.

Letters of inquiry promptly answered. See our work. Get our prices.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

E. E. Whitney & Co.

E. L. JEWELL,

I also do

Repairing,

Cleaning

and

Pressing.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

FOR SALE Home corner of Winter and

Spring streets. For particulars

apply to Mrs. Helen A. Crooker.

WANTED a chance bookkeeper or clerk

with college; good references. Address A.

C. Stewart, Me.

25-30

(Written for the Advertiser.)

Our Heroes at Home.

To O. F. W.

While we're praising and toasting

Our heroes so brave,

In camp or in battle,

On billowy wave,

There are yet other men,

Neither towards nor knaves,

Doing bravely their duty at home.

They have little ones clamoring,

Mouths to be fed,

They are bound to provide

For the women they love;

So they toil heavy and true,

For shelter and bread,

To keep the dear loved ones at home.

Their blood boils as hotly

As the blood of Spain,

They exult when they hear

"Remember the Maine,"

Bound in the thralldom

Of Power's chain.

These heroes are staying at home.

They meet slighting looks

With a warning glance,

They hear sneering tones

That pierce like a lance,

On all sides surround,

Or an insult, perchance,

May God help our heroes at home.

Ah! brave is that hero

Who enters the strife;

Immortal the martyr

Who forfeits his life;

But unknown is the man

Who toils for the wife

And we, helpless children at home.

We have heroes at home,

Obscure and unknown,

Who renounced fame and glory

For loved ones at home.

Norway, Me. COLE M. W. GREENLEAF.

Written for the Advertiser.

The Old Moss-grown Log.

Where the old log crossed the waters

Of a silvery running stream,

Flowing onward toward the ocean,

Dancing in the sunshine gleam,

This old log had served its mission,

In an old-time banished place,

Bore the weary traveler's footstep,

As he crossed the narrow way.

Overgrown with moss and lichens,

Sheltered by the fringing reeds,

Now it lies in stumpy silence,

Undisturbed its quiet peace.

For a moldering bridge beside it,

Doth the river proudly span,

And the iron archway leads

To the tread of busy man.

From that height it gazes downward,

Far below with haughty mien,

Where its lowly brother slumbers,

Neath the shadow of Nature's green.

By the fickle water forgotten,

Now its work forever o'er,

Thy' it once so many aided

To attain the other shore.

'Neath the arch an old man pauses,

Leaning on the iron rail,

And his aged eyes grow misty,

As they scan the little vale.

For a while he lingers here,

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For a while he lingers here,

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of the troops in this district amounts to about 24,000, according to General Trol.

The Dons will probably sail for Spain, July 25th. It has been decided that the arms will not be returned to Spain.

The Stars and Stripes were floating over Santiago de Cuba, Sunday noon.

Some of the wounded American soldiers from Cuba have been landed at New York.

Battery B, First Maine Heavy Artillery, was mustered into the service of the United States at 2 o'clock, this afternoon, with three officers and 106 men, Capt. Frank Hume commanding.

Second Division, Third Corps Hospital.

The Chattanooga Daily Times of July 18th has the following complimentary notice of Dr. Bradbury:

The Second division, Third army corps hospital, in charge of Maj. Bial F. Bradbury, chief surgeon of the 1st Maine, is about the cleanest and best arranged hospital at Camp Thomas, and it may be said that the inmates there receive the very best of attention.

Dr. Bradbury has arranged the hospital so that the patients from each brigade are by themselves, while the men from each of the three regiments of each brigade are separated. In other words, the wards are so arranged that when an officer calls at the hospital for a patient in a certain regiment he can find him without confusion and there find his man. This is very convenient.

In addition, physicians from every regiment and brigade have been assigned to duty with the sick of their own command. The fewer cases, measles, etc., are all isolated and the men receive the very best of attention.

Yesterday, there were twenty-five less patients at the hospital than there were, one week ago, showing a marked decrease in the division. This hospital is used as a general hospital, none of the patients in the division going to the Leiter hospital.

Blaze at Bethel.

The risk on Main street, Bethel, occupied by the Bethel Chair Co., as the finishing and upholstery department of their business, was burned to the ground just before midnight, Friday. The Chair Company's stock in the building, valued at \$8,000, was nearly a total loss, insured for \$2,100. The loss to the company will be \$5,900, above the insurance and what was saved. The building was owned by John B. Chapman and was insured. Located as it was in the thickly settled part of the village, had there been any wind, a large part of that section would have been swept away.

The Bethel fire company did excellent work. The store of H. M. Farwell, situated about fifteen feet from the risk, took fire, several times. The saving of the adjoining buildings was almost a miracle and shows the efficiency of the fire system.

It is not decided what action will be taken relative to continuing the business. The company's mill is located near the Grand Trunk railway station in another part of the village. The fire will not affect that part of the business, but the loss to the company being wholly in stock.

BETHEL.

Joan Stearns is visiting her parents, at South Paris.

Rev. and Mrs. Arthur Varley are boarding at Olive Wheeler's.

Henry Hastings is at home. He teaches in Pawtucket, Mass.

Mrs. M. W. Dyer, of Norway, Mass., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Sarah Davis.

Mrs. St. John Hastings is at Deering, visiting her daughter, Mrs. Charles Kenney.

A new bay window and other improvements have been made at the Methodist parsonage.

Ernest H. Pratt, associate principal of Gould Academy, has received the degree of Master of Arts from Colby University.

Mrs. George U. Annis and little daughter of Barre, Vt., are visiting her husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Annis.

Fritz J. Tyler has hired J. C. Billings and will succeed Mr. Billings in the blacksmith and carriage business. Mr. Tyler has been connected with the establishment for a long time, is a thorough workman and will doubtless make a success of his undertaking.

Pomona Grange.

Will be held at Hebron, Tuesday, Aug. 9. Program:

Opening in fifth degree..... Forenoon.

Reading of constitution..... 10:30

Conferring fifth degree..... 11:30

Woman's half-hour..... 12:30

Question-Resolved, that the State should use their influence to establish a circulating library in Maine..... 1:30

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Figures Won't Lie.

Dry Reading, Sometimes, But Not This Time—Notice Expenses.

Tax payers of WATERFORD paying a tax of \$80 or more:

Atherton, John..... \$3 23

Atherton, F. M..... 32 33

Abbott, H. & W..... 37 66

Brown, W. T..... 37 66

Oxford County Advertiser.

[Entered as second-class mail matter.]

Coming Events.

July 27—Lecture, by Heloise E. Hersey, Robinson Hall, Oxford.
 July 28—Concert, by local talent, complimentary to Rev. Marcus H. Carroll, Norway Opera House.
 July 28—Ang. 11—School of Methods, Fryeburg.
 Aug. 2—Chautauque Assembly, Fryeburg.
 Aug. 4—State Firemen's Muster, Bath.
 Aug. 5—Democratic County Convention, South Paris.
 Sept. 13—Fair, Riverside Park, Bethel.
 Aug. 22—New England Fair, Rigby Park.
 Aug. 22—United Society, Free Baptist Young People, Ocean Park.
 Aug. 23—Sept. 1—Taspen Valley Fair, Cornish.
 Sept. 5—State Fair, Lewiston.
 Sept. 12—State election.
 Sept. 20—Oxford County Fair, Norway and South Paris.
 Sept. 20—Maine Congregational Conference, Saco.
 Sept. 21—Oxford North Fair, Andover.
 Sept. 22—West Oxford Fair, Fryeburg.
 Sept. 23—Androscoggin Valley Fair, Canton.

New Advertisements.

5 cents—Thos. Smiley Page 8
 Old Glory Stationery at Norway 8
 Clearance Sale—Norway Clothing House 8
 Administrator's Sale of horses 8
 Democratic Caucus 8
 Annual Meeting 8
 Clearance Sale—L. B. Andrews 8
 Tooth Brushes—F. Stead 8
 Groceries—E. F. Bicknell 8

Democratic County Convention.

The Democratic County Convention of Oxford County will be held at the court house, South Paris, on Friday, Aug. 6, 1898, at 10 o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of nominating delegates to the State Convention of 1898, and for the election of officers and candidates for the county officers, also to choose a democratic county committee.

The basis of representation will be one delegate from each town and plantation and one delegate for each fifty votes cast for the democratic governor at the State election of 1894, or a fraction of thirty votes in excess of fifty.

Per Order, Democratic County Committee.
 By J. A. KENNEDY, Secretary.

Minor of Daniel F. Houghton of Paris has been granted a pension, \$14.

The Gorham and Oxford played ball at Gorham, Saturday, result 6 to 0 in favor of Gorham.

Williams Souther is resident foreman of the Big Red (Wyo.) Powder River Ranch of the Pratt & Ferris Cattle Company.

A nailing machine has been put into the mill of the Paris Manufacturing Company, which puts on the bottom of a boy's cart in three motions.

They may now write Mr. D. after their names and prices reduced. —William A. Furlington, Oxford; Fred E. Wheat, Rumford Falls; B. L. Bryant, Bethel.

The following cases from Oxford County were before the law court, Wednesday:

Moses M. Libby vs. George W. Towle, Swasey, Wright, Gentlemen & Clifford. Argued orally. State vs. Alden C. Gove, appt. Single sale. John S. Harlow, O. H. Hersey. Argued orally. Emily L. Fuller, Hilt, vs. Jessie E. Fuller, Thomas Alvord. At call of the court overruled for want of prosecution.

Jessie E. Fuller vs. Edwin Howard, J. P. Swasey, J. S. Wright. Motion overruled for want of prosecution.

The factory of the Portland Canning Company, situated one-fourth mile above Canton village, was struck by lightning, Tuesday evening at about 8 o'clock.

The building was at once a sheaf of flame and all efforts of the citizens, who formed a bucket brigade, were of no avail.

The loss is \$3,000. Insurance, \$2,000. The opinion is that the company will rebuild at once, in season for this fall's work.

Arrangements for the Summer School at Northport for Sunday School teachers to be conducted by the Maine State Sunday School Association are now completed.

Special rates have been arranged with the railway and steamboat lines. The exercises promise to be of special interest. The Summer School will begin its session on Saturday, July 30. Special services will be held on Sunday, the 31st, and the regular studies of the school will begin on Monday morning at 9.30.

Glimpses of the War.

The expedition under Gen. Miles for Porto Rico was gotten under way, Monday. Gen. Miles will command thirty thousand men and if necessary seventy thousand.

The first Spanish flag captured in Cuba by the American army has been received at Washington. It was captured June 23 by Co. B, 1st U. S. Infantry, regulars.

Our Cuban Post is open for business. The world at large accorded same privilege as United States.

Santiago was found to be a veritable pest hole of uncleanness. A general and immediate cleaning up was necessary. The starving people are being attended to by Red Cross agents.

The liquor saloons have been closed by Gen. Shafter. Ten thousand rifles and ten million rounds of ammunition were turned over up to July 15. The total of the roster of prisoners handed in by Gen. Toral was 22,780. The prisoners turned over to Gen. Shafter far exceeded in numbers the strength of his army.

Battery D, the last of the three heavy batteries called for under the second call for volunteers from Maine, was mustered into the service, Wednesday.

It is said that Gen. Garcia has been shot.

The war and navy departments are making concerted moves on Porto Rico. Inquiry shows nothing but friendly relations with Germany.

Gen. Toral's army will doubtless sail back to Spain under the Spanish flag. The contract was awarded to the Spanish Transatlantic Company, represented by J. M. Ceallos & Co. of New York. The company agrees to carry the prisoners from Cuban ports to Spain at the rate of \$20 for each enlisted man and \$35 for each commissioned officer. The company is to have five ships at Santiago in nine days.

EAST OTISFIELD.

Mrs. Maud Morrill is stopping at J. E. Scribner's.

Lulu Stone of Oxford is visiting at Manson Jilison's.

Mrs. Ada Moors is at work for Peter Jordan at Casco.

Anna Powers from Casco is stopping at S. D. Jilison's.

Carrie Gilkey and Harry Ramsdell went to Harrison, Sunday.

Leon A. Wardwell of Auburn is visiting his father, S. H. Wardwell.

Nava B. Jilison, who has been at work at Oxford, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Knight of East Boston have been visiting his sister, Mrs. N. F. Lamb.

Mrs. Etta Lunt and daughter Grace from Auburn have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Orin S. Winslow.

ANDOVER.

John Suter and wife arrived at their summer home Tuesday.

Mrs. E. S. Hardy has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. T. Poor.

The dowel mill at the Falls, is shut down on account of low water.

Charles Merrill, from Framingham, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Emery Merrill.

O. B. Poor has a house full of boarders and the other summer hotels are filling up fast.

F. M. Thomas has finished cutting the hay on the farm of Mrs. Mitchell, in Roxbury.

Rev. Mr. Jackson from Providence, with his wife and daughter, are at French Hotel.

Mrs. Lewis Ripley who has been visiting her mother in Farmington, returned home, Saturday night.

The Methodist circle meets at the hall this week Wednesday evening. Ice cream supper will be served.

The hot dry weather and the frost will about ruin the crops in and about Andover, which makes it very hard for the farmers.

WATERFORD.

Jennie Burnham is at home on her vacation.

George Porter has been quite sick, but is now able to be out.

Mrs. Waterman of Danville Junction is visiting Mrs. A. B. Wilkins.

Mrs. Dora Greene and daughter Alice of South Paris visiting friends and relatives here, last week.

Rev. Dr. Gibbons and family of Philadelphia are at Mrs. Wilkins'; also a Miss Phillips of Brooklyn, N. Y.

One by one, the fireside stories of our childhood are shattered by those who think their mission is to set the world aright, and now we are told that Chamberlain did not kill Pausanias, but we shall believe it, all the same, for have we not been at the identical spot where it was done? Please let a few of the old traditions stand.

While at the house of Samuel J. Marr, a short time ago, he informed me that in the possession of his son, S. Jason Marr of Norway, was the first dollar that he (Mr. Marr) earned. He said that when he was a small boy he saved his cents and half dimes until there were enough, and swapped them with a neighbor for a silver dollar, which he kept until a few years ago, when he gave it to his son. The fact that he kept the identical piece of money struck me as quite remarkable, and I would like to inquire through the Advertiser if another instance of the kind exists among its readers.

Mr. Marr is a gentleman about 78 years of age. He came to Waterford in 1848 and settled at "Mutiny Corner," where he carried on the blacksmith business many years. From there he went to Sweden, where he now lives. He is one of the solid men of the town, the first dollar forming the nucleus around which his property has grown.

George S. Marr, lives on the home farm, caring for him in his well earned leisure. Mr. Marr is a prominent Mason of long standing, having joined Mt. Tir' em Lodge, Feb. 18, 1868.

ALBANY.

Mrs. Parris Page visited her daughter, Mrs. Marilla Lelake, Tuesday.

Abel Andrews recently caught nine enormous suckers out of Libby's mill pond.

Mrs. Inez Johnson with her two children, Fern and Guy, are visiting her late husband's relatives in Otisfield.

Frank Cross of Brooklyn, N. Y., accompanied by Will Garcelon, a friend from Lewiston, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Maud Bean.

Fred Wyman who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bean, the past week, has returned to his home in New Hampshire.

The Ladies' Club met with Mrs. Lydia Fernald, July 13. A very pleasant meeting, and as usual instructive. Their next meeting will be with Mrs. Frances Wardwell.

We are not sure that the late timely rain fall came in answer to prayer, but 'tis a fact that little Carolyn Bass, aged five years, who has invariably heretofore, on saying her prayers each night, asked for fair weather that she might be allowed to play out doors with her little friends, did on Monday night pray for rain thus: "Please, Lord, make it rain to-morrow and stop the fire that is burning the Albany mountains." She firmly believes her prayer was answered.

HARRISON.

Mrs. Albert Pitts gave birth to a son, last Sunday morning.

Mrs. Ches. Herald, nee Belle Tolman, is visiting her grandmother.

Geo. Barrett and wife of Portland are visiting at her father's, Gilman Foggs's.

Dr. John Thompson of Portland operated upon Harry Robinson, Monday of this week, for appendicitis. The operation was a success and he is doing nicely.

Work on the extension of the Bridgton and Saco River railroad to Harrison, is being pushed. The gravel train is being run almost to the Harrison line. There is a large force at work at this end of the line. The plan is to have it open to public travel by the first of August.

A meeting was held, Tuesday night, to choose a committee to make arrangements for a celebration of the first passenger train into Harrison. It is hoped that our people will all help to make this a pleasant occasion. It is expected that some of Harrison's men who have made their mark in the world will be present.

GREENWOOD.

Albion Tubbs' baby is some better.

John Roberts is showing marked signs of improvement.

The rain of Monday night and Tuesday has made every body happy and all nature gay.

John Small sent a ton of first-class hay to the Methodist parsonage barn, West Paris, last Saturday p. m.

An interesting and well attended social meeting was held at Nelson Lapham's, Young Hill, last Sunday evening.

A meeting will be held there every Sunday evening at 7.30 for the summer months.

Children's day exercises in the Methodist church, Sunday last, were a decided success. Some fifteen minutes before the hour the church was packed to the door. The program was an excellent one and well rendered throughout. While all took their parts admirably, special notice might be made of the readings by Elsie Cole and Miss Morgan and the pious exercise by some seven children. Collection amounted to about \$4.25. Decorations were artistically arranged.

Horrors of Real War.

H. D. Cole of Reserve Div. Hospital Corps, Siboney, Cuba, writes home to Norway, and the following are extracts from a private letter:—

Well, words cannot describe what we have been through, since arriving off the coast of Cuba. You cannot imagine what a time we had. Just think, 1,200 men on a boat with a license to carry 87, and having to stay there for 30 days. You must not think the Saratoga is a small boat, for she is a mile away from us, and about 50 Infantry wounded, also 10th Cavalry. However, we landed and I had my row of tents up and 12 patients to start with. At the first battle (I don't know the name), we had 200 wounded and 10 killed. And then the horrors of war commenced.

By the way, you have read of the Texas silencing the batteries? We were lying five to three miles off shore and I saw the whole thing. It was a terrible sight that is never to be forgotten.

You could see every shot strike the ground and the dirt and men fly into the air, and the shots from the shore we could see strike all around the Texas, and about 50 Infantry wounded. We watched it all through, and that night a gunboat came alongside and said she had orders to take us to the place of unloading. You ought to have seen the Civil War can tell you all about it. Our boys were shooting some men or beast.

Poor fellows, some of them are buried here, 'way out of civilization, and lots of them will die.

As soon as the wounded commenced to come in they started operating soon, and seven tables going, all the time. Our loss must be at least 2,000 killed and wounded. I helped in the operations long enough to get 40 men ready for my ward, and here I have been ever since. Six legs out off above the 'knee, hands and feet gone, lower jaw, part of brain gone, and in fact, almost everything that is horrible. Any soldier that was in the Civil War can tell you all about it.

We are having a little hull now and Santiago has surrendered. I have seen all the war I want. A good many horses are made sad by what has happened here in the last few days, but they did nobly.

Ed. Pendexter went to Chelsea, Mass., Sunday, to work in a shoe shop.

Mrs. Charles Seeley and two sons of Somerville, Mass., came here, last week.

Dr. D. O. S. Lowell and wife of Boston were here, last week, guests of A. M. Deering and family.

James E. Ingalls, who has been in the ice business in Boston, came home, last week. He is in poor health.

Arthur W. Pierce and party who have been stopping at their cottage on the west shore of Moose pond went home to Deering, last week.

Growing Stronger

Cold Settled on the Lungs and Caused a Serious Cough—Hope of Recovery Abandoned but Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.

"A severe cold settled on my lungs. I began to cough and kept growing worse all the time. My husband was paying out a great deal of money for medicine, but I continued to grow weaker every day, and in the winter of 1895 I gave up all hopes of ever getting better. After this I read of people gaining strength by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and my husband advised me to try this medicine. I purchased three bottles and began taking it. I saw that I was growing stronger and my cough was looser. After taking two bottles my cough was gone. I continued taking Hood's and I am now in better health than I have been for years." MARY A. SMITH, LaGrange, Maine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best after-dinner pill, aids digestion, etc.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pill, aids digestion, etc.

BUCKFIELD.

J. F. Packard, who has been ill, is in his shop again.

Our barber, Wilson Conant, is visiting friends in Auburn.

C. B. Atwood and wife visited friends at Rumford Falls over the Sabbath.

A. F. Tilton and family of Auburn were in town, Saturday and Sunday.

Geo. M. Luce, a former proprietor of Hotel Long, has lately been in town.

Geo. R. Coyle, jr., wife and son are the guests of Coyle's parents at Hotel Long.

Harry Record and Bert Tilton went to the two cities, Saturday, on their wheels.

Quite a number of Buckfield men are building quarters at Bear pond in Hartford with a view to future fishing.

Merton Tilton and Wm. Blazon of Auburn came on their wheels from Auburn, Sunday, returning in the evening.

The daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Prince, Mr. Drummond of Waterville and Mrs. Sherman of Portland are visiting their parents.

The writer visited Streaked mountain, July 18. Not a blueberry to be found except here and there a few shriveled remains. Everything presented a dried up appearance, even leaves were dried and fallen.

EAST DENMARK.

Albion Trumble is at work for Henry Gustin, haying.

Ethel Hilton visited relatives in Limington, last week.

Ed. Pendexter went to Chelsea, Mass., Sunday, to work in a shoe shop.

Mrs. Charles Seeley and two sons of Somerville, Mass., came here, last week.

Dr. D. O. S. Lowell and wife of Boston were here, last week, guests of A. M. Deering and family.

James E. Ingalls, who has been in the ice business in Boston, came home, last week. He is in poor health.

Arthur W. Pierce and party who have been stopping at their cottage on the west shore of Moose pond went home to Deering, last week.

SOUTH CONWAY, N. H.

Quite a heavy frost, one night last week, did some damage.

Almon Willey has visitors from Springvale, some of his cousins.

Mrs. Albra Garland is as comfortable as could be expected, but she is very sick.

Misses Ora and Carroll Wakefield spent last Saturday night with their aunt, Mrs. Parkman Drown of Intervale.

Henry Abbott and wife of Fryeburg spent last Saturday in this place as the guests of their daughter, Mrs. John C. Potter.

Mrs. Mary Parsons, who has been for the last seven weeks in Bangor, visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. H. Parsons, has returned home.

Perley Littlefield took Edwin Perkins' haying to do. Mr. Perkins has a great deal of marketing to do, has sold over fifty bushels of strawberries, this summer.

Mr. Nesmith has moved a piece that was taken from his sister's house near to his house, and is having it made into sleeping rooms. He is having a fire-place built in it.

Mrs. Gov. Greenhalgh and family of Lowell, Mass., came, last Saturday, for the summer. They will live with her sister, Mary Nesmith, at home, that she bought in the spring of her brother, called the Almon Willey place.

EAST WATERFORD.

WATERFORD PLAINS.—Jos Young is done work for Mrs. Bisbee and gone to Bethel.

A. L. Tyler went to Harrison, Tuesday.

Bertha Stanley is staying with Mrs. Bisbee.

Mr. Stanley has been doing Mrs. L. Bisbee's haying.

They have had cucumbers at Parris Page's for some time.

Wm. Russell has peeled about two hundred and fifty thousand of bark.

The beautiful rain of Tuesday was very welcome and did lots of good as everything was drying up.

WILSON'S MILLS.

Mrs. S. E. Burgin of Chicago has come to spend the summer with her nephew, D. C. Bennett.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Stevens of Mexico, A. W. Brooks, wife and son were at the hotel over Sunday.

Maggie and N. Bly Hinchey of Milan were guests at Flint's Hotel, the past week, also Harry Flint of Colebrook.

Saturday, a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Tyler Stevens with five children of Lowell, Mass., came in on the boat, were taken to the hotel by Flint's team to dinner and in the afternoon went on the steamer to Camp-in-Meadows, returning Sunday, and same team took them to Lakeside, Wm. Sargent and Henry Sweat, guides.

Friday, the closing day of Miss Littlehale's school at Magalloway Plantation, the teacher and scholars including some of the parents had a ride in a hayrack, nicely fitted up with seats and drawn by six horses, with W. W. Linnell for teamster, with the national colors waving aloft, decorations of flowers and small flags galore made it a red letter day for the little folks.

IT PAYS TO BUY AT FOSTER'S

IT PAYS TO BUY AT FOSTER'S

Our Bargain Day Is Every Day.

Our constant aim is to secure bargains for our customers. To make values higher and prices lower is a problem we are ever working for.

Why not look up your hot weather clothing now while the assortment remains unbroken. You may need it any day and it's best to be prepared.

Crash suits \$2.75, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00. Alpaca Coats. White Duck Trousers 50 and 75 cts. Trousers \$1.00 and 1.50. Dusters \$1.00 and 1.50. White and Fancy Vests. New lines of Summer Shirts are arriving all the time.

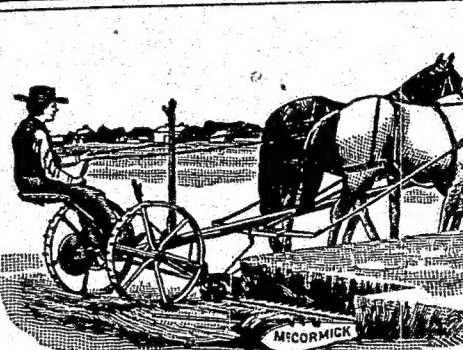
Come to us and be sure of all the novelties as soon as they are out. Money back if not suited.

H. B. FOSTER,

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, NORWAY, ME.

IT PAYS TO BUY AT FOSTER'S

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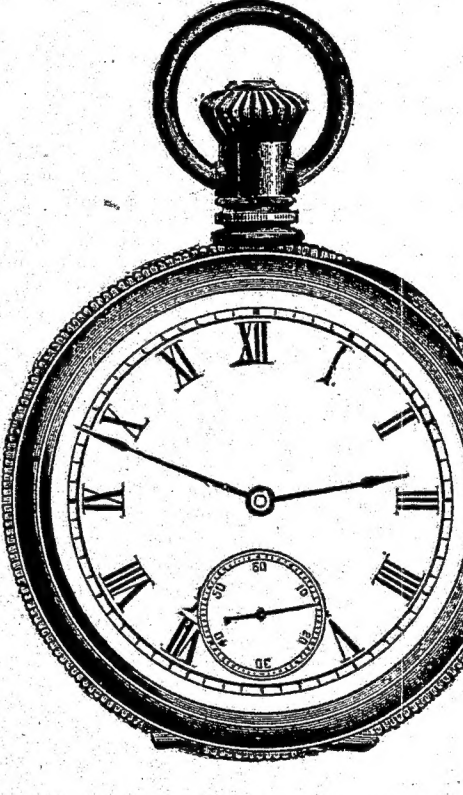
70,000 McCormick Mowers SOLD IN 1896.

This is more than the ENTIRE PRODUCE of any other THREE FIRMS in the United States. Sales for 1897, 125,000. McCormick New 4 has the neatest, simplest and most compact gearing ever seen in a mower. It is the quickest acting, and binds the least. It gives the highest degree of motion with the least friction, and therefore contributes materially to the extra light draft of the machine. McCormick Machines having been on the market sixty-five years, there is no trouble to get repairs when needed.

The following well-known men are using McCormick Mowers: Harlan P. Brown, Harry F. Greenleaf, Geo. W. Wood, Chas. A. Pridg, Frank E. Wood, Nathan W. Millett, Justus I. Millett, David Flood, Elbridge G. Gammon, Ed. F. Morse, Albert P. Farnham, E. F. C. Greene, Ira Johnson, Virgil H. Johnson, and Harry Wood all of Norway and Chas. W. Verrill of North Norway. It is with pleasure that we refer you to any of the above named gentlemen, for they cannot say enough in praise of the MCCORMICK MOWER.

J. O. CROOKER, Agent,

Dealer in Hardware, Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, Plumbing, Bar Iron, Steel & Coal. 138 Main street, Norway, Maine.



THERE ARE - - - WATCHMAKERS - - - AND - - - WATCHMAKERS

Some are good some are bad and some are decidedly indifferent.

DID YOU EVER CONSIDER That a poor, cheap watchmaker could be made to watch more in one cheap cleaning or with one cheap mainspring, than would many years' wear?

Why not take your watch to a good workman; pay his price and prolong the life of your watch and in the end save money? Such a place is:

Vivian W. Hills's, Watchmaker and Jeweler.

And the only Practical Graduate Optician in Oxford County! New Opera House Block, Norway, Maine.

YOU ALWAYS FIND WHAT YOU WANT AT - - - OXFORD COUNTY-SHOE STORE.

Our Ladies', Misses' and Children's Oxfords in great variety both cloth and kid top, in chocolate, tan and black. Ladies' fine, hand turn shoes in button and lace. Children's shoes in all colors and styles. Our lines of Men's Boys' and Youths' Tennis Oxfords and Bals are complete. You find the finest of Men's Goods in our lines of Men's Patent Calf, Men's Cordova, Men's Vici Kid and Fine Calf. If you buy anything of us you don't want bring it back and get your money.

OXFORD COUNTY SHOE STORE,

F. W. FAUNCE, Clerk. NORWAY, -- MAINE.

FOR THE WARM WEATHER

- SHIRT WAISTS
- CRASH SKIRTS

When Trains Leave Norway.

Leave Norway for Portland and Lewiston.
5:45 a. m.; 3:30 p. m.
Leave Norway for Gorham and West.
5:45 a. m.; 3:30 p. m.
Including Sunday.

Single Copies of the Advertiser
Can be found each week on sale at the following places, at 1 cent each.
Norway... F. L. Stone's and Noyes Drug Store
So. Paris... A. I. Surtreant's & A. F. Shurtlett's
Bethel... O. R. Wiley's
Fryeburg... A. F. Lewis
Harrison... Sylvester's Drug Store
Bryant's Pond... H. L. Ledy's
West Paris... F. W. Ford's
Orders for single copies at 1 cent each sent direct to the office of publication will be promptly filled. Advertiser, Norway, Me.

NORWAY AND VICINITY.

New shingles on the roof of Orrin A. Holden's stable.

Mrs. Merton L. Kimball is visiting her parents at Ellsworth.

Annie Pledge of Bridgton has been visiting her uncle, James Pledge.

Charles Hemingway is in the Allen blacksmith shop with Nathan A. Noble.

Mrs. Will Stevens and son, Howard, of Portland are visiting Mrs. O. N. Bradbury.

James Pledge is to be assisted in his meat business by his brother, William Pledge of Bridgton.

Harrington L. Plummer is having a fortnight's vacation from his work in the Advertiser's office.

Harry Davis, who was drowned at Kears Falls, a fortnight since, was a nephew of Albert Davis of this village.

Mrs. M. A. Holden and daughter Grace are at home for a short time. They are living at Waterville where Miss Holden attends college.

Arthur N. Record is having a vacation from his work in Stone's drug store. He will go fishing and visit folks in Oxford, Hebron and Buckfield.

Cora Belle Shedd, Annie Lafarier and Gertrude Gardner are at Old Orchard for a fortnight. They have leased a cottage named Camp Randolph.

McIntire's fourth drove of sheep and lambs, this season, passed through the village at 8 o'clock, Monday morning. There were eighty-five fat woolbearers in the drove.

Wesley H. Ginn has a garden on Greenleaf Avenue near Rustfield cemetery. It is a number one garden as to quality, and he has the best corn which we have seen growing this season.

Will Buswell of Hudson, Mass., was in town, last Friday. Will is looking healthy, dresses well, wears a big mustache and is evidently prosperous. It is several years since he was at the old home before.

The old grist mill at the outlet of the lake is now fitted up with machinery for the use of C. B. Cummings & Sons. They have a clapboard machine in the basement, clapboard planer, trimmer and press above, and also an edger. A good addition to their business.

A. E. Durgin, Fair Street, will have an auction Saturday, July 23, at two o'clock. He will sell his two horse dump cart, wagon, harnesses, sleds, plow, chains, household furniture, etc. Mr. Durgin is going to Rochester, N. H., in Norway twenty years.

"Isn't that a beauty?" exclaimed James Shedd, last Friday afternoon, as he came into our sanctum and held out a trout for our inspection. The fish was 12 inches long and weighed an ounce for each inch. That was the only one that struck during several hours fishing on the Lombard brook.

Rev. B. S. Rideout preached at Poland Spring, Sunday. The pulpit of the Congregational church here was occupied by Rev. S. A. Abraham of Oxford, who gave a scholarly discourse from Isaiah xxvi, 3: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee."

Complimentary Concert.

The many friends of Rev. Marcus H. Carroll have arranged for a concert complimentary to him, previous to his leaving town. Mr. Carroll's great musical ability has been generously devoted to the public during his three years in Norway, and all regret his departure to a field of larger usefulness.

The concert will be given in Norway opera house, Thursday evening, July 28. The consolidated choruses of Norway and South Paris will sing. The orchestra will be composed of the following well known musicians:

First violin—W. C. Stearns.
Second violin—Gertrude McArde, Horace W. Oxard.
Flute—William C. McArde.
Clarinet—Frank Kimball, Delmore Robinson.
Cornet—Frank P. Knapp.
Trombone—Clarence L. DeCosta.
Double bass—Hannibal C. Howe.
Drum—McArde and Knapp.

Professor George W. Horne of Lewiston, tenor soloist, and Bryce B. Hayden of Haverhill, Mass., the remarkable ten-year-old violinist, will assist.

Mr. Carroll has written orchestra scores for the accompaniments to the chorus numbers, and will direct them all. A chorus of children will sing with the older folks in the war songs.

Mrs. George A. Briggs will be pianist. Fannie Cragin has charge of all the tableaux with the choruses.

Tickets, 25 cents, all seats reserved. On sale at Stone's.

The program for the concert will be:

PART FIRST.
Overture, "Poet and Peasant." Supper.
"The Dance of the Gnomes," New-First-Time, Carroll.
Orchestra.
Ladies' Voices, "Song and Flow." King.
First soprano—Mrs. Ava Finney, Mrs. J. J. Emley, Clara Gammon.
Second soprano—Mrs. Frank Kimball, Carrie Tucker, Hattie Leach.
Alto—Lulu Cook, Mary M. Blackford, Myrtle Gammon.
Violin Solo.
Master Bryce Hayden. Selected.
Misereere (Il Trovatore). Verdi.
Mrs. Frank Kimball, George Horne, Chorus and Orchestra.
Quadruple Quartet, "Song of the Vikings." Fanning.
Soprano—Mrs. T. S. Barnes, Mrs. Herman Wilson, Carrie Tucker, Clara Gammon.
Alto—Lulu Cook, Grace Taylor, Jessie Warren, Ina Griffin.
Tenor—Geo. W. Horne, Frank Kimball, Han Howe, James Dunn.
Basses—Geo. A. Briggs, H. L. Horne, F. P. Stone, J. H. Beane.
Spanish Waltz, "San Diego." Goinoid.
Sanctus (St. Cecilia Mass). Goinoid.
Geo. W. Horne, Chorus and Orchestra.
Intermission.
PART SECOND, WAR SONGS.
America.
The American Hymn.
Red, White and Blue.
Solo by Mrs. J. J. Emley.
England, "God Save the Queen."
Ireland, "God Save the Queen."
Scotland, "The Campbells are Comin'."
France, "The Marseillaise Hymn."
Solo by Geo. A. Briggs.
Germany, "The Watch on the Rhine."
Russia, "God Save the Czar."
Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.
Solo by Geo. A. Briggs.
The Star Spangled Banner.
Battle Hymn of the Republic.
April Chorus.

Canoe Journey in Northern Maine Wilderness above Moosehead.

From Portland to Greenville. Crossing the Big Lake. N. E. Carry. Deer by the Wayside. Experience With a Moose, etc.

We left Portland, June 15th, and arrived at the Evesleigh House, Greenville, that evening. The party consisted of Prof. F. L. Shaw of Portland, president of Shaw's Business Colleges, and Prof. E. L. Pennell, principal of Greeley Academy, Cumberland Center, Me. We intended to visit the old Morris place, as it is now called the Shaw Farm, on Chesuncook, Caribou Lakes, by water 74 miles distant from Greenville.

A ride of 40 miles on the steamer "Twilight" brought us to N. E. Carry. This is the divide between Kennebec and Penobscot waters and is two miles long. There is a good road and a team to take you across with your baggage. Charge is \$1.00.

Here we separated from Messrs. Shaw and Pennell. They left their luggage with us and crossed the Carry on foot and stopped 10 miles down the river at the Half-way House, that night. Their intention was to go overland from there to the Morris Place or Shaw Farm. The distance by the way of the Moose Horn river about 5 miles. Joe Smith of the Half-way House, persuaded them not to do it but to keep the water route even if it took more time and was three times the distance. It would be by muskrat trail, the easiest route as the bogs of the overland way were full of water. Joe's counsel was accepted and they took the waterway. We joined them at Chesuncook, the following night.

We stopped overnight at the hotel at the Carry. Here we left our trunk and our go-to-meeting clothes. We tied up in bundles what we thought we might need for the trip. It wasn't a big load, but was ample. The principal part of the provisions had been taken into the Farm in the winter and we had but little else than the personal effects of the party to carry in the canoe.

John Arbo, the hotel manager recommended Henry McLeod to take us to Chesuncook where we would meet Thomas Smart, the guide we had engaged. Henry was ready to go at the regular price of \$9.00 a day and board. One day to go down and one day to turn—\$8.00. Team across carry, \$1.00, making a total of \$7.00, to say nothing about two days' board at 75 cents per day, \$1.50. Grand total, \$8.50. You have your choice to pay their price or paddle your own canoe or walk the road and swim lobster stream. It was 22 miles. We went by the river, the next day and were paddled down by Henry. That evening we fished in Moosehead but got no fish. Had several "strikes" but did not hook a fish. We tried a variety of popular bait but got nothing but "strikes." The pork bait on an archer spinner was as good as phantom, or live minnows. The toge really knock but would escape the hooks.

The early fishing in the lake was reported to have been very good, hundreds if not thousands of toge having been taken. The largest one we heard of being caught weighed 9½ pounds. Last year one taken near Norcross brook weighed 82 pounds. Many are the yarns told of mammoth fish and broken tackle.

Friday morning, June 17, was clear and bright and we tumbled our earthly possessions into a dead-axe, two-horse cart and crossed the carry. Our baggage consisted of three trips, a bundle each of clothing, bedding and fishing rods. Half way across the carry we saw three deer feeding in a field. These were the first deer seen and we resolved to keep a record of the number seen during the trip and faithfully did we keep it for a few days.

A 17 foot canvas covered canoe with 2 paddles and a setting pole was got of Mr. Luce on the river. Baggage loaded and with fishing rod strung up and in hand, rather than a paddle, we started down river. The three files used were brown hackle, Fatmacheons, Belle and Smith Favorite—you can fish in the river but it is seldom that you catch any trout excepting at the mouth of the streams, the fox hole, rocky rapids and the falls. We got a few but not until we had gone down river several miles.

It was a perfect morning not too cold or warm, just right for black flies and they swarmed in legions on legions, in battalions and divisions. McLeod swore softly to them in French and English until we persuaded him to be baptized in oil of tar, pennyroyal and glycerine. This had the desired effect. We tried our hand with the bow paddle using great care not to lame our arms and shoulders. It was new work to us. Had done nothing like it for fully twelve months, and the scenery was magnificent and claimed a good deal of our attention as did occasionally the deer on the shore.

Before ten o'clock our record showed we had seen 8 different deer, most of them being does. The wind though light was blowing up river, or as the guide said "headwind, run close to game today." At every bend in the river we were waiting for a moose. Paul St. Peters, who had come up river the day before, reported the seeing of a cow moose and calf—one or two calves—can't say which—in the lagoon near Lobster stream. We had passed the lagoon and had seen no moose and had come into a long stretch of dead water. Our guide said "headwind, run close to game today." At every bend in the river we were waiting for a moose. Paul St. Peters, who had come up river the day before, reported the seeing of a cow moose and calf—one or two calves—can't say which—in the lagoon near Lobster stream. We had passed the lagoon and had seen no moose and had come into a long stretch of dead water. Our guide said "headwind, run close to game today." At every bend in the river we were waiting for a moose. 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CASINCA.

By WILL LIENBEE.

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I acquainted the landlord with what I had heard and seen, and he seemed greatly surprised and perplexed. On the following morning I was informed that some one desired to see me in the office. I hurried down, wondering who it could be. As I entered the office a man of about 30 came hastily forward to meet me.

"Dr. Zook, as I live!" I cried, surprised and delighted.

"Manfield, how are you?" he said, pressing my hand warmly. "What are you doing in this out-of-the-way place?"

"Taking a little vacation," I replied. "But what good fortune brings you here?"

"Ah, that's just what I wish to speak to you about," he answered. "My experience here is in connection with one of my patients—Mr. Buford. A most singular case, Manfield, as you have doubtless already discovered, judging by what Mr. Peters has told me."

"An odd case, indeed," I replied. "It has puzzled me not a little. But come up to my room and let us talk it over."

We ascended the stairs and were soon seated in my room. Dr. Zook was an old friend of mine whom I had not met for two years. He was a physician of rare skill and great mental ability, and had made his name famous among those of his profession by his published work on diseases of the brain.

When I had finished relating the incidents connected with my acquaintance with Martin Buford and the story told to me by the strange lodger, he said:

"It is a most remarkable case, and there is a mystery about the whole affair that I cannot fathom."

"Of course his story about the Corsican beauty is but the product of a diseased brain," I replied.

"There is where you are mistaken, and that is just what puzzles me," said my visitor. "Of course I don't mean to say that this man's wife was transformed into marble or anything of the kind, but his story as he told it to you is true in every particular as far as I can ascertain, excepting that part of it."

"He was really in Corsica, then, and married a Corsican woman?" I asked.

"Yes; I met him in Paris directly after his marriage, and his wife was one of the most beautiful women I ever beheld. She created a sensation wherever she went by her perfection of form and matchless beauty and might have reigned as a queen among women had she desired. But she had no inclination to mingle with the fashionable world, seeming to be happy only when with her husband."

"I don't think I ever saw more devoted love shown between man and wife, and Buford seemed perfectly miserable when cut off from his wife's sight. They came to America on the same steamer on which I returned, and since I have met Buford and his wife quite frequently and we have been the warmest of friends. Buford once told me something regarding a statue he was at work upon, but I never saw it but once, and that was a short time before he came here. It is indeed a superb creation. About the time the statue was finished Mrs. Buford disappeared very mysteriously. At first no clue could be found to the mystery, but upon a close investigation it was learned that she had left in company with a stranger—an Italian of about 25 years of age—a handsome fellow, who, it was said, had been hanging about the neighborhood for some time. Then a letter was found addressed to her husband in which she stated in a few brief words that she would never return and implored him to forgive her for the rash step she was about to take."

"Buford, who had been almost crazed by his wife's disappearance, now grew furious, declaring that the whole affair was a plot to rob him of his wife, and he refused to believe her guilty of any treachery. He declared that he would find her and began searching about the house from room to room. The next day we found him in his studio, his arms about the statue, declaring that it was his wife and that she had been transformed into stone. It was a pathetic scene, and I realized at once that the poor man's reason had become unsettled by the shock occasioned by his wife's pendency. Being his friend, and becoming interested in his sad case, I prevailed upon him to accompany me on a tour up the Hudson, hoping that a change of scene might prove beneficial to him. He seemed to grow better, and I had strong hopes of his speedy recovery, but about this time he suddenly disappeared. After searching vainly for him for some time I discovered that he had returned to his home, packed his effects and gone away, whither no one knew. At last I tracked him to this place."

"It is very clear that he is either insane or is affected with a strange hallucination. My object is to cure him of this malady, and I have decided to permit him to remain in his present quarters for awhile at least. As you have made something of a study of his case I should like you to co-operate with me."

"I assure you that I shall be only too glad to do so, as I have become deeply interested in Mr. Buford's case," I replied.

Martin Buford showed some surprise and even displeasure upon meeting Dr. Zook, whom he seemed to regard as a spy set upon his track rather than a friend.

But under the doctor's genial influence his aversion gradually disappeared, and it was plain to see that Zook was fast gaining the confidence of his strange patient.

A few days after the arrival of Dr. Zook at the inn I received a dispatch summoning me to Brookville, a small village in New Hampshire, on an important business matter. With much reluctance I bade Dr. Zook a hasty goodbye, and promising to return at the earliest convenience I took my departure.

The business that called me to Brookville was relating to some property which had come into my possession through a deceased aunt some years before.

The property consisted of a large tract of land lying some three miles from the village among the hills.

Upon my arrival at Brookville I found the whole village agog over a most atrocious murder that had been committed near the place some weeks before. A young man of some 23 or 24—evidently a foreigner—had been found in the road between the village and the railroad station dead, an ugly knife wound in his breast. He was a stranger in the locality, and nothing was found upon his person to give the slightest clue to his identity. At the inquest the station agent had given the only testimony that afforded any clue to the mysterious crime. He had seen the deceased leave the train which arrived from Manchester at 11:32 p. m. He was accompanied by a young woman of remarkable beauty. The two were without baggage, and they had gone on foot in the direction of the village, about a quarter of a mile distant. A half hour later the woman had returned to the station alone. She inquired regarding the time that the next train would leave, and was informed that she would be compelled to wait till 6 o'clock in the morning. She seemed greatly agitated, and after remaining at the station a few minutes took her departure, walking hurriedly up the railroad track.

About daylight the body of the murdered man was found in the road, about 300 yards from the station. The authorities had been promptly notified, and as suspicion pointed to the woman who had been seen in company with the deceased an officer was at once dispatched in pursuit of her. She was found at a farmhouse some six miles from the station and brought back to the village and lodged in jail to wait preliminary examination.

She declared herself innocent of the crime, but refused to give any information regarding herself or the deceased, remaining impervious to all questioning. The great beauty of the suspect and the mystery surrounding her identity as well as that of her supposed victim lent a threefold interest to the strange affair. Scores of curious visitors visited the jail daily to get a glimpse of the prisoner, but with none would she enter into conversation.

I must confess that I was not wholly devoid of a curiosity to behold the strange beauty who stood accused of that most shocking of all crimes, willful murder, and on the day following my arrival at the village I obtained permission to visit her cell.

I shall never forget the feeling of amazement that came over me as I was ushered into the presence of the prisoner. It was not alone her noble and matchless form nor the wondrous beauty of her face that induced the feeling of astonishment, but something more potent, more amazing, at first only a vague suspicion, then a quick conviction—a sudden realization of the startling truth. Then I knew that I was standing in the presence of Martin Buford's wife! It all came to me like a revelation, bewildering and stupefying me.

There was no question in my mind as to her identity. There could be no mistaking that form and face—the living likeness of those which I had seen so perfectly imaged in the marble statue in Martin Buford's room!

For several moments I did not speak, but stood looking at the woman before me, oblivious to all else. She hardly deigned to bestow a glance upon me, but sat by the window, looking calmly through the grating to the lofty hills that rose rugged and wood-crested beyond the town. The jailer had withdrawn from the door, and no one else was near. I advanced to her side. She arose hastily as I approached without even glancing at me.

"I do not wish to be disturbed by visitors," she said impatiently, speaking with a strange foreign accent. "Please permit me to enter here."

"I must speak to you—it is of great importance that I should," I said hurriedly. "I am Martin Buford's friend!"

She turned upon me, a startled look fixed her eyes upon me, and for the first time I saw her in her true self. Then she looked in their lustrous depths. Then she became deadly pale, while a look of terror came over her face.

"Who are you?" she said, her voice betraying the emotion surging in her breast.

"My name is Manfield," I replied, "and I have just come from your husband."

A low, agonized moan escaped her lips.

"Does he know that—that I am here?" she asked, her voice sinking almost to a whisper.

"No," he does not have the faintest idea as to your whereabouts?"

"Thank heaven!" she cried fervently. "He shall never know—he must not know! You will not betray me?"

She spoke hurriedly, appealingly, an eager light shining in her eyes.

At this juncture the officer entered. She gave me a warning glance, and, turning to the officer, said, "I wish to speak."

"I have no right to interfere in your private affairs," I said, "but for the sake of Mr. Buford, who is my friend, I ask you to tell me what in the name of heaven this means. I have no intention of betraying your confidence, yet I must tell you that in this strange conduct you are grievously wronging a noble man, who would give his life for you."

"I know it—I know it," she cried in a choking voice. "But I could not help it—it was fate—and I did not intend that he should ever know of my crime. Oh, that he should now have this to say!"

She stood leaning against the window, her hands tightly clinched, her face showing the keenest agony.

"It all seems very strange," I said. "I am more than willing to help you if you will only let me, but how am I to do this if you do not explain this dreadful affair to me?"

She did not reply, but stood as if in deep thought.

"I am in a strange land," she said at length, speaking scarcely above a whisper. "and I know not what to do or which way to turn. How I have prayed that I might not be by my actions bring reproach upon my husband, but now, that I am discovered—that the dreadful story will reach his ears—I care not to live, except with the hope that I might in time atone for the great wrong I have done."

"Tell me the whole story of this terrible affair from beginning to end," I replied. "and I will give you all the assistance in my power. Already I have had the story from Martin Buford's lips, yet it is incomplete without your explanation."

She remained silent for some time, but I could see that my words had made an impression upon her. At length she spoke.

"I cannot—I cannot," she said; "at least not now. I feel sick and bewildered. Come tomorrow and then I will tell you the story."

She sank into a chair and bowed her face in her hands. I said no more, but quitted the jail at once. I was more mystified than ever over the strange case. The charge of murder that now hung over this mysterious woman changed the aspect of the whole affair. Had the stranger with whom she had fled from her home proved false to his vows and been slain by her for his perfidy? This seemed the most logical conclusion on reviewing the facts in connection with the case, yet to look into the face of that woman it was hard to believe her capable of committing any crime. Her face portrayed neither weakness nor deception, and her whole manner was such as to inspire confidence and profound sympathy.

Was it possible that she could be guilty of the crime with which she was charged? No; I could not believe it, yet she had not, in my presence, either by word or action, denied her guilt.

The more I reflected over the matter the more perplexed I became, and I was with a strange feeling that I went to the jail on the following day to hear the story which the mysterious woman had promised to relate.

CHAPTER IV.

I shall give the story just as it came to me from Mrs. Buford's lips, omitting such parts of it as have no direct bearing upon my story. After relating briefly the incidents of her meeting with Martin Buford and the tragic death of her father she continued:

"When I saw my father lying dead before me, all the vengeful impulses of my nature rose in my soul, and I swore to be revenged upon my slayer."

I knew the murderer, though I had never seen him before. He was a Balacco, I knew the instant my eyes fell upon him, for he had the same dark, passionate face that had been possessed by his father. There was a most deadly feud existing between the house of Pinelli and that of Balacco, and for many generations they had shed each other's blood. Young Anton Balacco, the slayer of my father, had been in Saragossa for years, and being the least of the Balaccos I knew that he would sooner or later return and attempt the life of my father, for I heard that he had sworn to do so. When at last he came and struck the deadly blow, I swore above my father's dead body that sometime I would be revenged. Just when that would be I had not considered. Presently I would be revenged; that was sufficient, and having settled this in my mind I waited for the opportunity to come.

Shortly after my father's death I was married to Mr. Buford, and wishing to remove me from the scenes of the dreadful tragedy he at last prevailed upon me to consent to our going abroad. We went to Paris, and from there came to the United States. He knew of the vendetta existing between the Balaccos and the Pinellis, and he hoped that in this strange country, surrounded by new scenes, I would forget the past, and though I might have appeared to forget, deep in my heart I still cherished an insatiable desire for revenge. Even the love of my husband, which fell upon my troubled soul like a strange, sweet melody, had not the power to subdue the fierce spirit of revenge that rose within my being. This spirit had been breathed into me by my father, who taught that the first duty of life was to bring vengeance upon our enemies and whoever failed to do this was unworthy of the name of Pinelli.

After my husband and I were settled in our new home on the Hudson he began work upon a statue which had long existed only in his fancy. Of this piece of work I need say but little, as we are already familiar with his history. So absorbed did he become in his work that I began to fear that his love for me was growing cold, and when I urged him to give over the task he had begun he threw his arms about me and with kisses told me that he would soon win fame for us both, and then with each other's love life's joys would be complete. My love for my husband so filled my soul that it seemed like sacrilege to desire to add to our happiness, but when I would speak of this to him he would only smile at my words and implore me to bear with him a little longer.

About the time that the statue was nearing completion an incident happened that changed the whole course of my life. One evening, as I was in the garden giving some instructions to the gardener, a young man made his appearance at the gate and asked for work. The moment I approached him I recognized him as Anton Balacco, the murderer of my father! For a moment I stood as if stupefied, my eyes riveted upon his dark, sinister face, all the details of that dreadful tragedy flooding my mind. He seemed to live over again in that brief instant all the dreadful agonies of that fatal night when I looked upon the face of my murdered father. Then, with an effort, I turned to the gardener and bidding him admit the stranger instructed him to have the young man assist him in the work he was engaged in among the flower beds.

"I entered an arbor, and throwing myself into a seat where I could look through the vines, I watched Anton Balacco as he came in and began work. His clothes were shabby and his face pale, as if he had not been a stranger to want. As I gazed at him something like a feeling of triumph filled my soul, and for a moment I forgot all else save that my enemy was now in my power and to be revenged upon him I only had to strike the blow. The time for my vengeance had come. Would I falter? No; even as this thought came to me I made a vow to heaven to strike him down, just as he had done my only relative. I knew that having never seen him he would not recognize me, and nothing stood in the way of carrying out my plans for vengeance. But when should I strike the blow? As the thought came to me I arose quickly and, passing from the inclosure, entered the house and sought my own room. Unlocking a small cabinet, I took out a stiletto with a bright, keen blade—it had been the property of my father—and concealing this in the bosom of my dress I sat down by the open window to give a few moments' thought to my course of procedure.

"Until this moment I had taken little thought as to the consequences that might follow the execution of the deed I contemplated, but now I realized with a dreadful sickening sensation of despair all the miseries that it might bring to me. I realized the difference in the country I was now in and the one I had quitted. There my deed would have been looked upon by many as a just one, and by the aid of friends I might have escaped, just as Anton had done when he had slain my father, but in America I realized it was vastly different. Once I had committed the deed I would be branded as a murderer and nothing could protect me from the vengeance of the law. Not only that, but I would bring disgrace upon my husband, whom I loved as my own life."

All these thoughts came to me rapidly, deepening my anguish, but not shaking my determination. From my childhood my father had taught me that vengeance upon our enemies was the first duty of life, and with this thought instilled within me I felt that to carry out my plans should be the great object and aim of my life. But I realized that I must wait—wait till I could arrange my plans that there might be no chance of failure. I instructed the gardener to find employment for my intended victim till I should order otherwise. And day after day I saw him working about the place, but somehow I could not strike the blow.

"Sometimes I would go into the garden and talk with Anton Balacco, but I could see that he never suspected my identity. I always spoke to him in English—a language which he spoke but brokenly—not daring to address him in my native tongue. As the days went by I noticed that he would often watch for my coming, and his face would light up strongly if he saw me approaching. One evening he came to me as I was walking in the garden, and addressed me in an agitated voice, and there was a terrified, hunted look upon his pallid face. He said that his life was in great danger, that he had been condemned to death by that terrible society of Italians, the Montebellos, and he implored me to assist him to escape their vengeance. He would fly from the place, but he had no money, and if he remained it would be only to meet his death. All this he poured out to me in a wild, almost incoherent manner."

"Something like exultation swelled in my soul as I listened to his words of entreaty and supplication, and even as he spoke there was forming in my mind a dreadful plan for vengeance. It all came to me like a flash, causing my blood to leap through my veins wildly, and my heart to beat in a wild tumult. I would give him the assistance he asked—he should escape those who threatened his life to fall a prey to my vengeance. In a few hurried words I told him of a plan—he must fly from the United States to some secluded place in Canada, and I would accompany him; I would furnish him all protection that money could afford; I would aid him to escape. I charged him to keep the matter a profound secret, and we would leave that very night. How gratefully and with what expressions of gratitude he received my words! It seemed to me at that moment as if fate had conspired to place him in my power. Now I could strike the blow—once I had him in a strange country where the crime would never be known to my husband. Should I be caught and tried for the crime no one would ever know me, and I would escape bringing disgrace upon that noble man who called me wife. These were my thoughts and plans."

"What followed seems like some vague troubled dream. I think I must have been very near to insanity, so great was the strain upon my mind. I remember but half distinctly our flight in the night, and then of being whirled rapidly on by the fast flying train. Before leaving my home forever I had written a few hasty words to my husband, bidding him goodbye and saying I should never return. As I think of it all now and realize my dreadful situation I wonder that I did not die that night and escape the dreadful tortures that now beset my soul."

To be continued.

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"I am Martin Buford's friend!"

speak with this gentleman a few moments in private if you please." He bowed and withdrew, closing the door. The prisoner stood waiting for me to speak.

"I have no right to interfere in your private affairs," I said, "but for the sake of Mr. Buford, who is my friend, I ask you to tell me what in the name of heaven this means. I have no intention of betraying your confidence, yet I must tell you that in this strange conduct you are grievously wronging a noble man, who would give his life for you."

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SOUTH ALBANY

and the rest of the sentence suspended during good behavior.

